

114 FABLES in VERSE.

' Where'er you live, your lovely cafe
' Proclaims you fav'rite of the place:
' Those offals, you refuse, would be
' A banquet to half-famish'd me :
' Permit me, Sir, on you to wait,
' I'll humbly stop without the gate,
' Whilst dogs, to me superior far,
' Your mess-mates, or your umbra's are.'

Rover approv'd the smooth address,
And, courteous, pity'd his poor case.

—*Come, Mr. Trudge, is n't that your name?*

—' Plain *Trudge*, Sir, titles give me shame.'

—*Our Turnspit's dead with age and fat,*

(*Thought Trudge, a lucky omen that*)

The dripping pan's your stated fees,

If you're so fortunate to please.

Besides there's many a sav'ry bit

That comes by way of perquisite.

' What I sub-cook ! I smell roast beef !

' Sure you were born for my relief.'

You shall, my friend—' Your vassal I,

• For friend too mean ; yours, till I die.'

—*I'll introduce you to the kitchen ;*

Soon as the cook-maid brings the spit in,

See,

FABLES in V

*See you obsequiously advance,
Wriggle and fawn, and round
Let not her arms your burden
But nimbly spring into the w*

O'erjoy'd, *Trudge* follow'd
And for his hunger found
Of *Rover* having learn'd the
Strait to the larder-door he
Where *Joan* was spitting o
He fawn'd, he frisk'd, he v
Yelp'd at the sight of spit,
As *Rover*, when h'as perch
Useful, though ugly, muc
With all the house, as well
Happy beyond his hopes h
No knave in office faster th
And, too well fed, so nice
He'd scarce accept a proffer
Grown lazy now with food
Slighted his post ; but wat

*Rover, a patron's freedo
The rustic upstart to rebuk
—Mean souls, I see, rais'd
Grow proud and wanton by*